From June 2026

(Volume 209)

Cover Picture

The short walk from Grassington down to Linton Falls on the Dales Way. We then followed the beautiful Dales Way crossing the fast-flowing Wharf River on Hebden suspension bridge for a pub lunch at The Red Lion at Burnham*

Continuing our few days in North Yorkshire. On the first day we walked as detailed above and this was a very popular walk and the pub lunch was ideal and a great half way stop. We decided to do a less populated walk on day two and walked along a narrow twisty footpath with dry-stone walls on both sides. This led us into a deserted woodland known as Grass Wood with some ancient forts hidden at high points. We enjoyed our flasks and snack there before heading downstream to The River Wharf from the opposite direction to the previous day and returning to Grassington

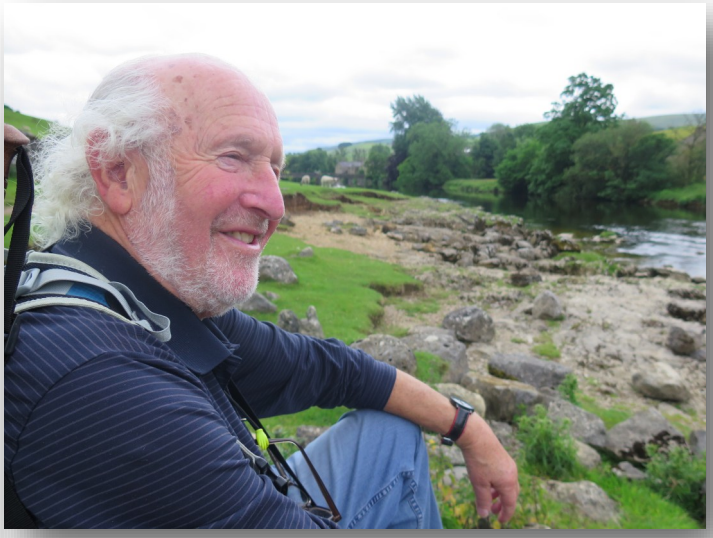
In Grass Wood we followed the footpath as it was very easy to get lost there. Many of the trees had a velvet-like moss covering and it was totally peaceful

*** We actually enjoyed the pub lunch so much we totally forgot to look at Burnham itself**

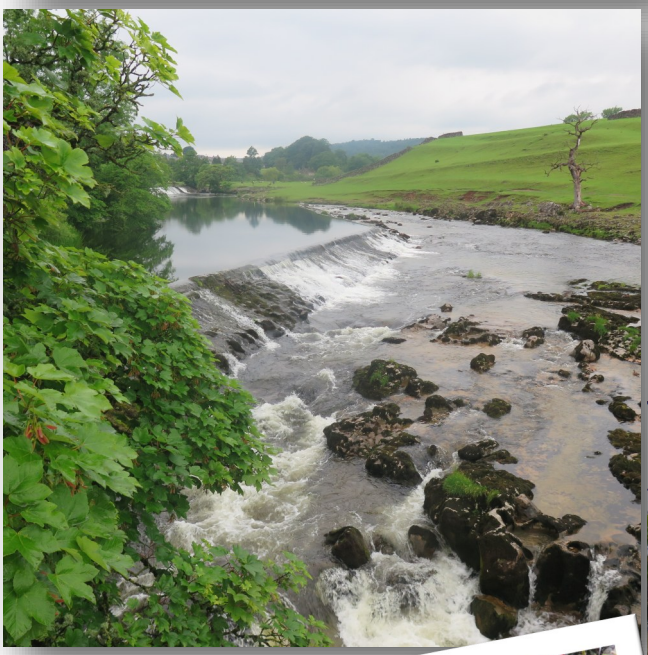
The main (Upper Woods) joined Lower Woods here and again the path was quite easy to follow

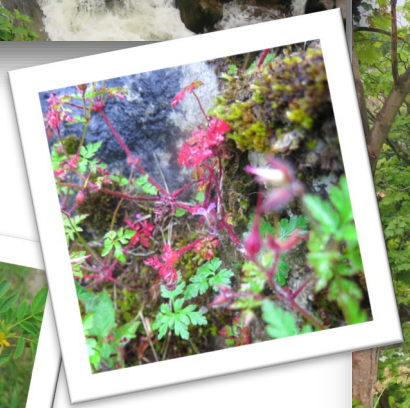
On The River Wharf, just below Grassington

Nothing much has changed over the years...until one looks closely and sees the electric car charging points almost hidden behind the bush

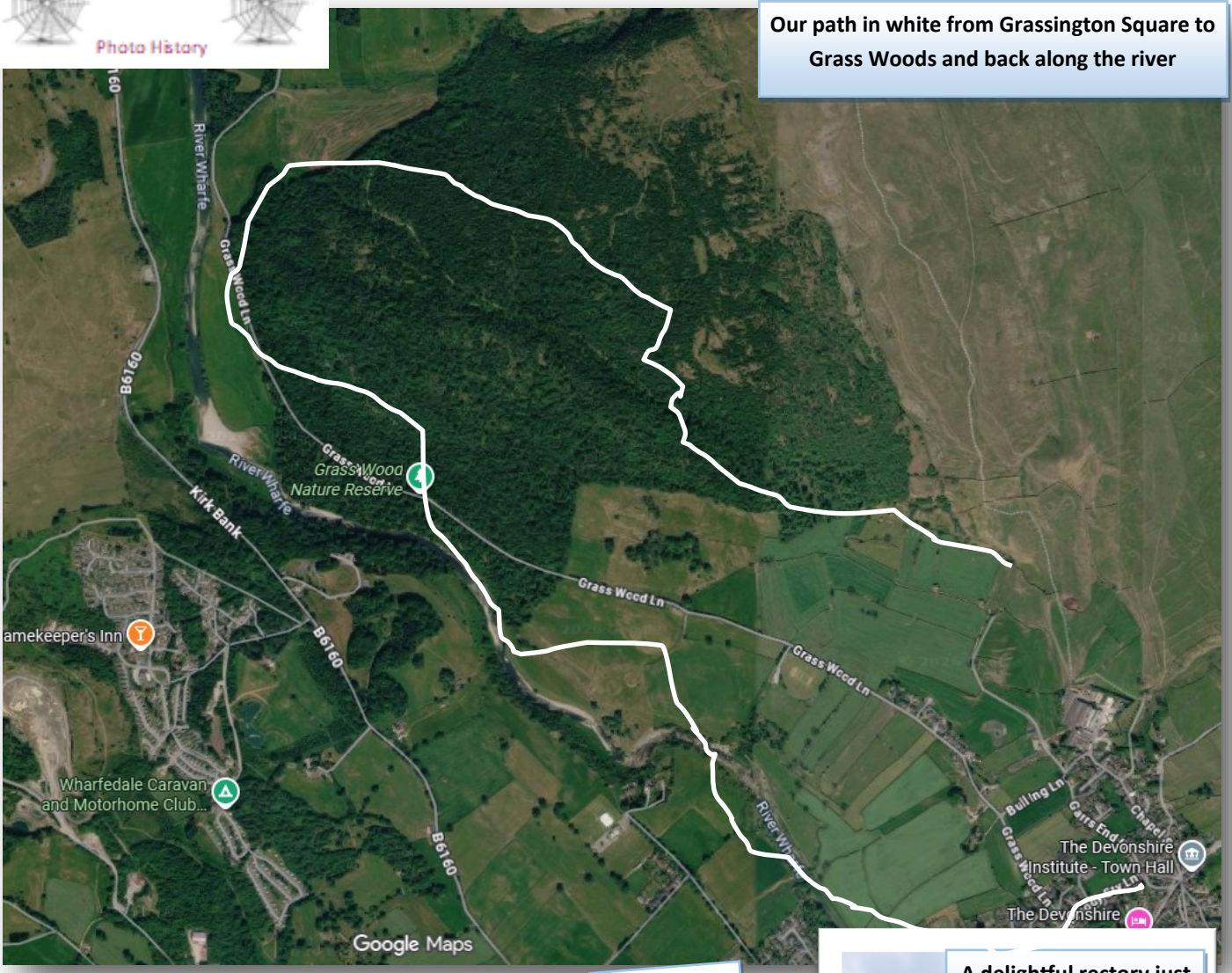


Craven Herald & Pioneer
SPORT
Teenage fighter Isa
big win as boxers sh





Our path in white from Grassington Square to Grass Woods and back along the river

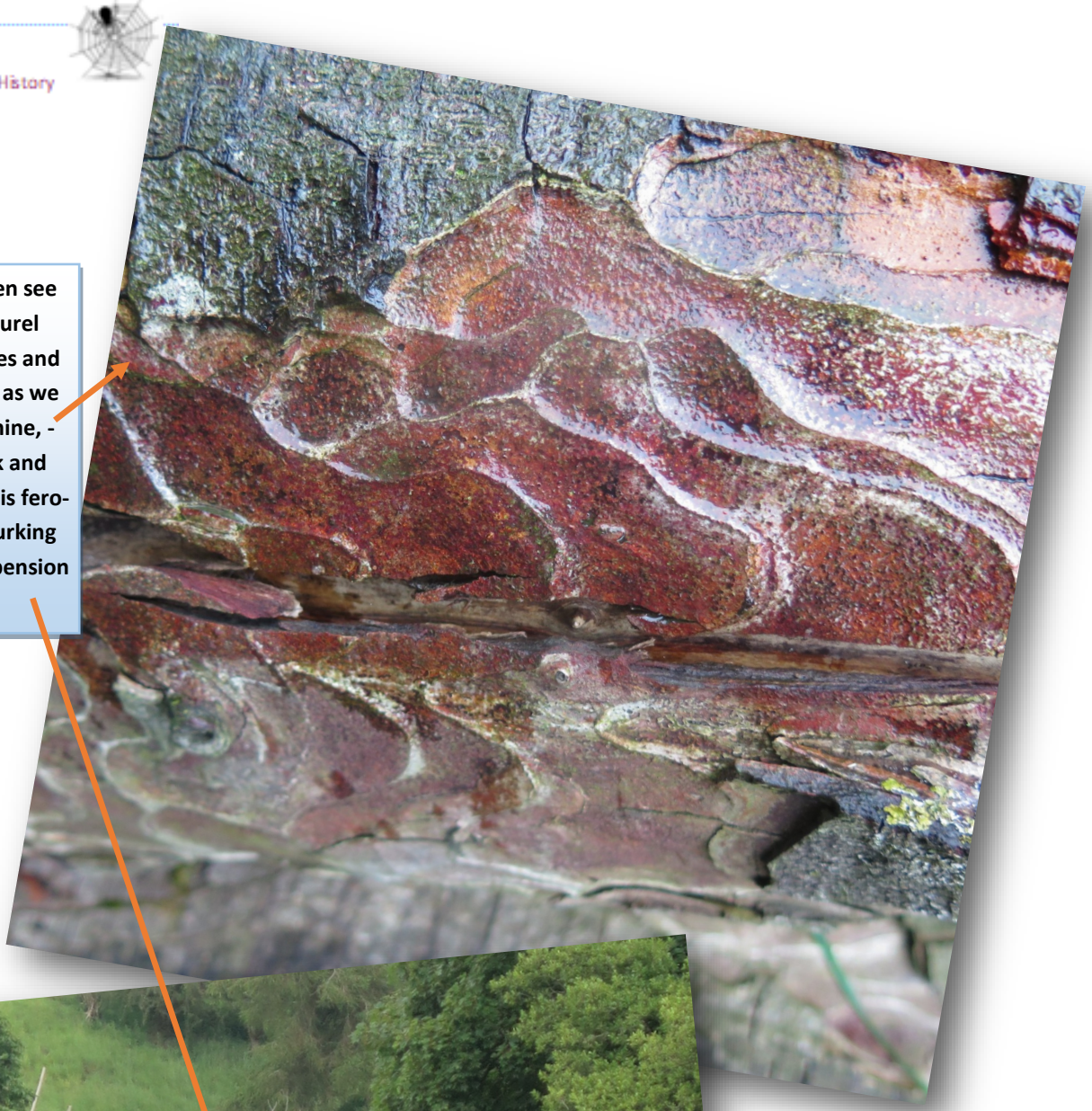


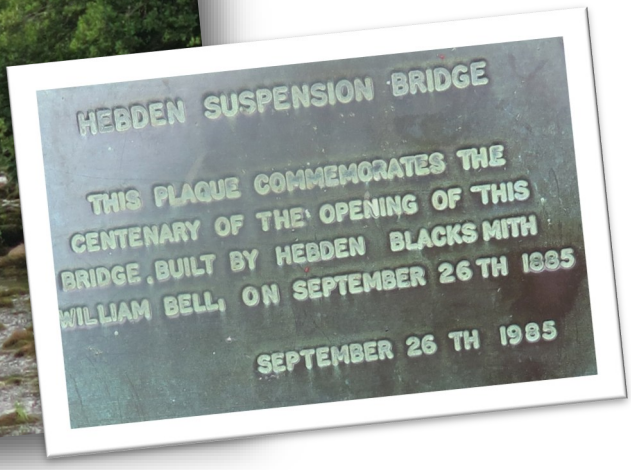
A sweltering hot day and the dog had the right idea.-cooling off in the river

A delightful rectory just outside Burnham

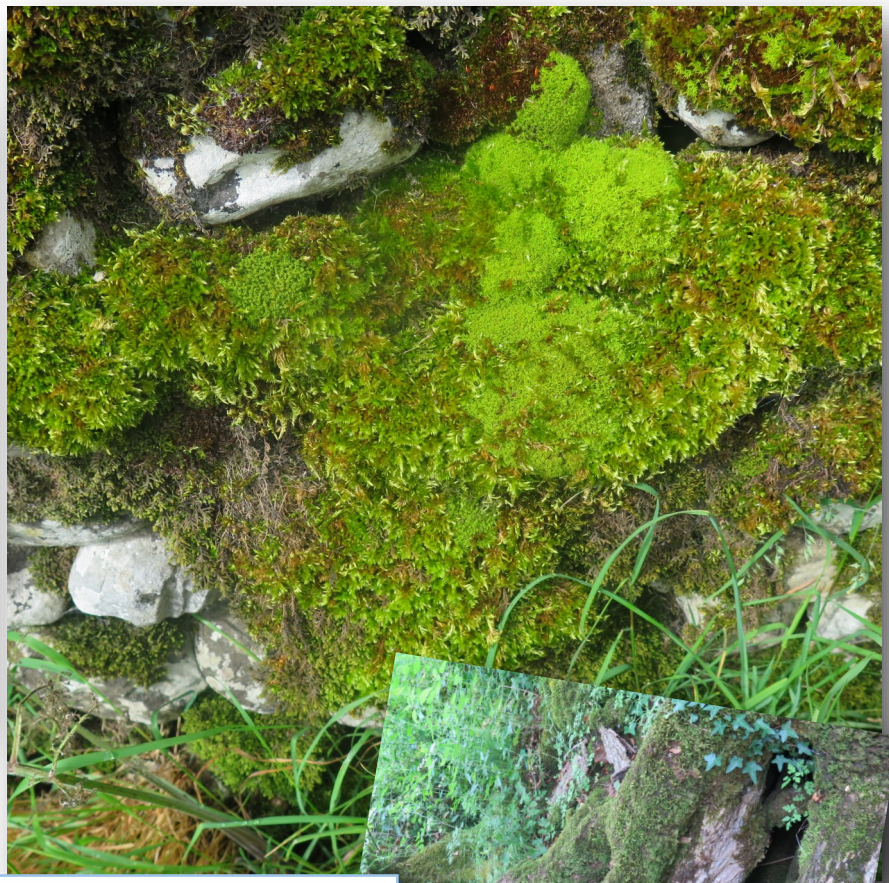
We often see tree branches or stumps like this riddled with coins. Presumably to bring luck to travelers

Lynn and I often see fabulous naturel shapes, textures and 'wild beasties' as we walk. This is mine, - textured bark and Lynn spotted this ferocious animal lurking behind the suspension bridge

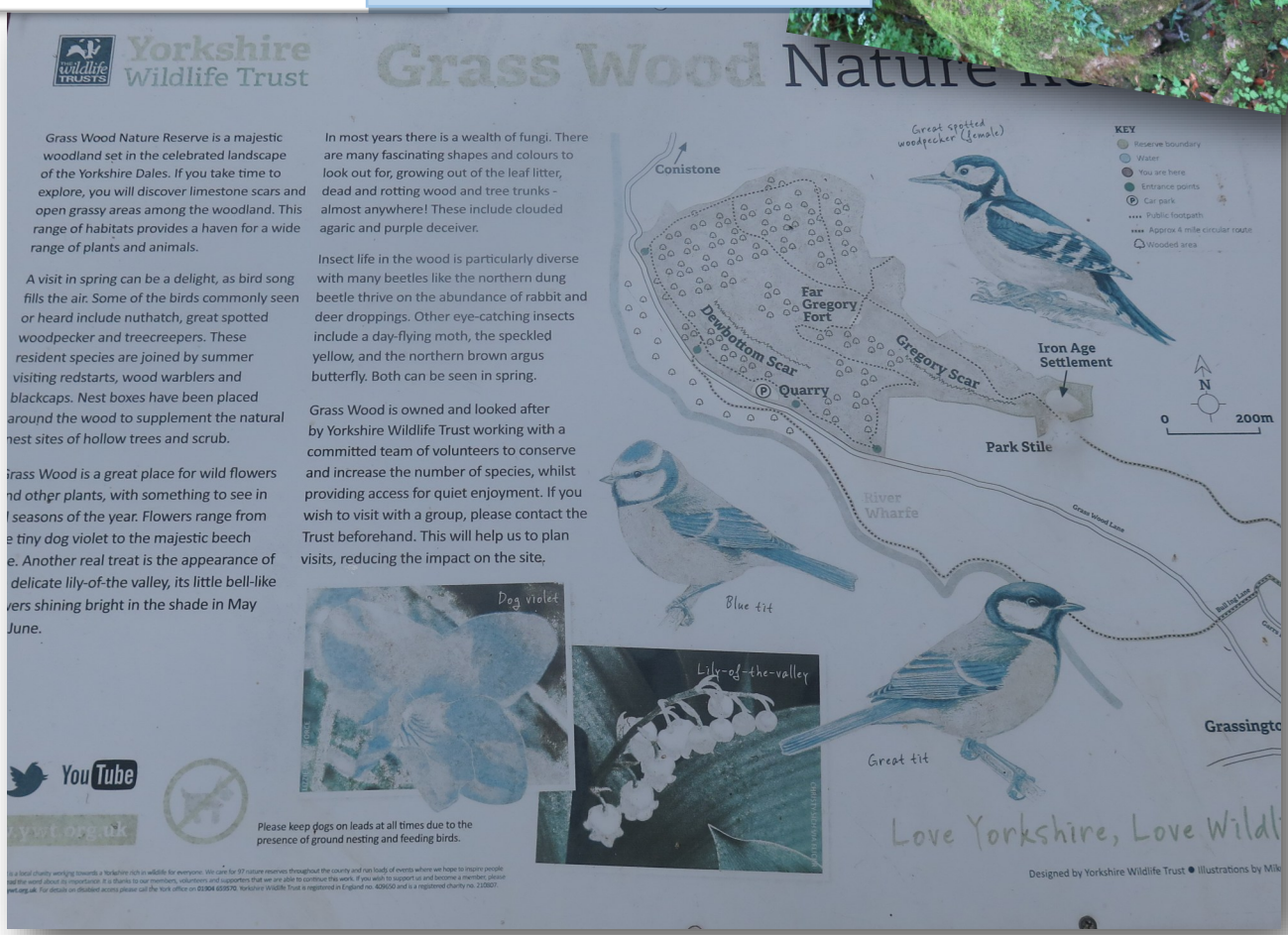




Spotted this adorning a toilet wall and thought it deserved a more salubrious place to be enjoyed



I'm not sure why I continually try to capture the beauty of old mature woodland in my photos. The whole beauty is in being there and experiencing the bird song, the smells, the silence and all those textures. Photos can't do it justice



No words...other than

Yorkshire Dales

Seems such a change but I guess at some point reality must take over. I am , as Lynn always points out, a total dreamer and everywhere we go, I say..” I could happily live here” Lynn consistently (and correctly) reminds me..” you'd only last a short while before missing home”

I went with Monique and Martin to a Summer Jazz Party featuring The Lauren Breen quartet locally at The Southgate Club and they were a very talented quintet (having also played at Ronnie Scott’s)

I am now introducing UK and world news in these Photo History Volumes, as started in the previous volume, to give my Photo History some sort of relevance on a less personal and localised scale than my very limited personal focus has done up to now.

The death toll from Venezuela's earthquakes is now 1,430, with 3,238 injured, according to lawmaker Jorge Rodríguez

He describes the incident as "the most disastrous event this republic has suffered in the last 123 years" I am sure this figure will rise tremendously as so many have disappeared and no bodies are being found.

I heard that tectonic plates moved up to 2 meters

Hottest recorded June dates since records began 94 million people have been affected reported in France, UK and Switzerland*

(* Switzerland issued the alarming statistics that the Swiss Alps glacier melt lose ice so rapidly that meltwater is the equivalent of filling an Olympic-sized swimming pool every six seconds.

Apparently tomorrow is the 'tipping point' where the melted ice is no longer the new snow and ice deposits melting but melting centuries old ice which will never be replaced.

This melt has to go somewhere and low lying islands and coasts worldwide are seeing dramatic changes..faster now than ever before.

The heat wave we are experiencing is apparently now moving towards Austria, Poland and Hungary.

China is so ahead in the field of solar technology having tackled increasing world climate change that they are now production world leaders. It was initially introduced to move away from coal based reliance.

Europe is lagging behind in adopting solar technology and is unable to match China's low prices.

Pakistan has adopted it on a small affordable household level.

Trump is apparently still not accepting this and explicitly dismisses global warming as a "hoax" or "con job". His administration prioritises the expansion of domestic fossil fuel production and actively dismantles scientific research, emission regulations, and international climate agreements.

Lynn spotted this 'beastie' lurking in the woods opposite. It was definitely watching us

Here in the UK Works Cup fever is obvious everywhere despite our anticipated disastrous performance. But we see advertising in supermarkets for beer, fast foods to 'enjoy' whilst watching TV...

Banners in pubs and it's very much a part of everyday conversation.

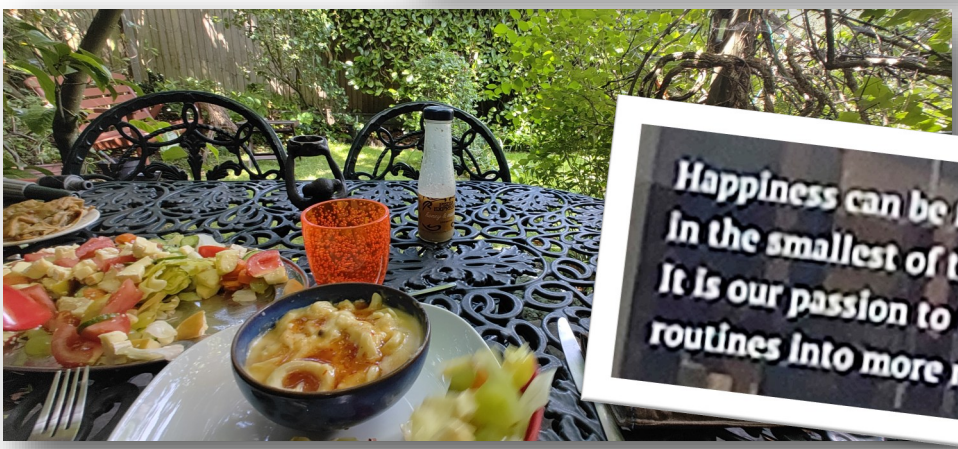
Sport has definitely replaced religion for masses of people world wide and I can definitely foresee violence erupting on a large -scale where the hype is so excessive and people polarise onto opposing sides.

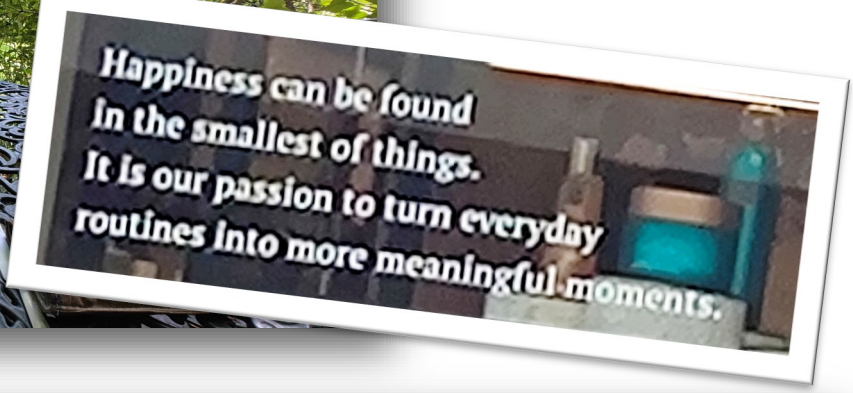
Vespa , the iconic Italian export, Lambretta is celebrating 80 years now

Despite a so-called ceasefire bombing continued on Iran in retaliation against firing on shipping in the Hormuz Straits

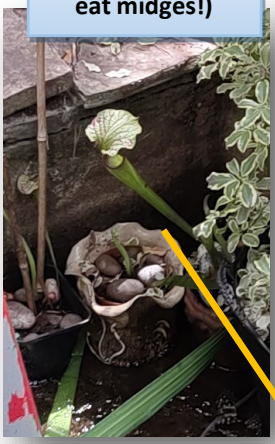
Summer in our garden..simple pleasures are the most memorable

RITUALS..





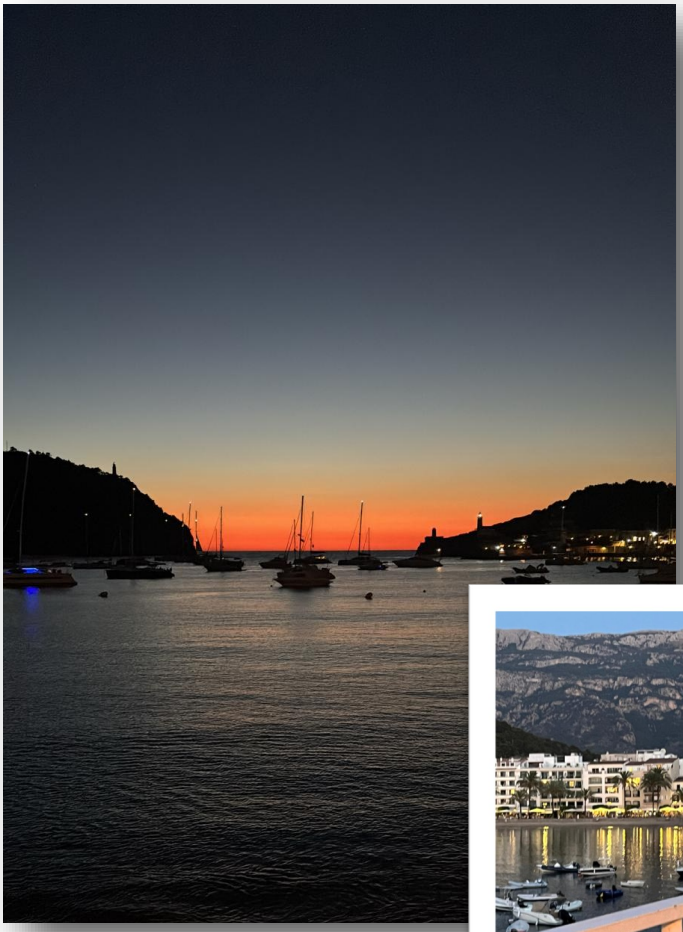
Our new 'pitcher' plants (trained to eat midges!)

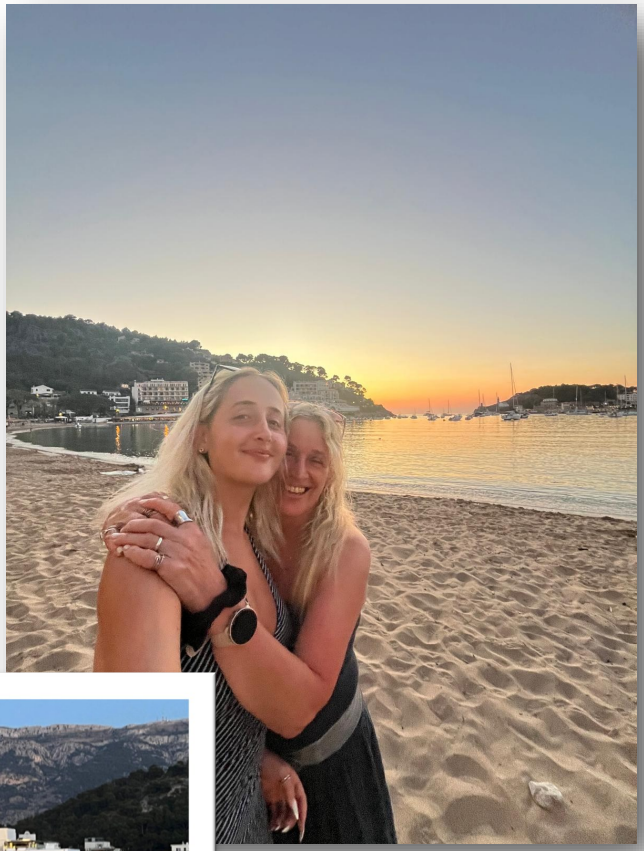


...and Tammy would totally agree..marshmallows in the garden...yippee

Parkrun on 4th July 2026

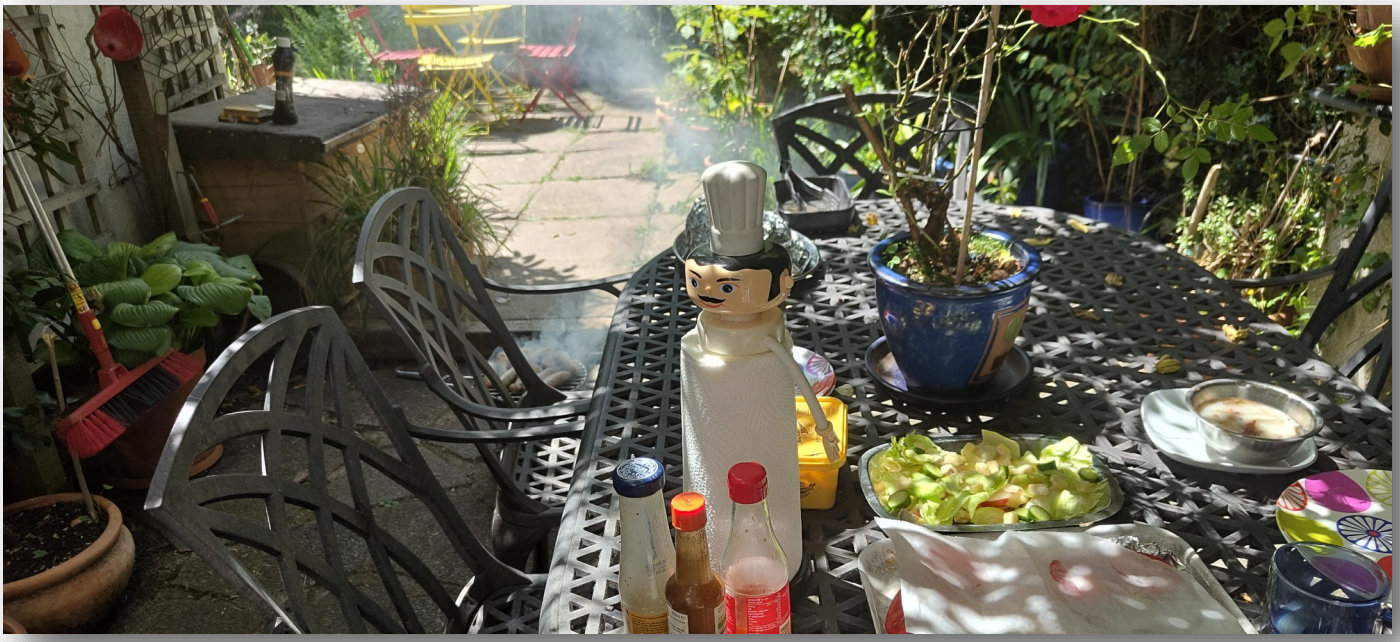
Ben's father (also Ben Hur) had a reputation as a n entertaining fight-er and these are some of his flyers





In July 2026 Tammy & Larnie went to Soller on Majorca and we got regular photos and full meal descriptions daily..

In the garden relaxing in the cool glade, a two-person bbq.. And even our goldfish grazing on the green pond weed cover. Enjoying life



Love this sign we saw on a country walk

Martin sailing 'Joyce' a lovely old boat he lovingly refitted and was originally his grandfather's named after his late grandmother

Another 'creature' found in the wild

Dan with parents: Barry & Penny enjoying a bbq at Tammy's

One of our summer Sunday rituals; Seafood at the Oyster Shack (waited almost an hour this time) ..but worth it .....

....then a walk in the forest followed by tea in The High Beech Churchyard accompanied by home made cakes...sheer bliss... with even a violinist playing next to us

As I get older I realise many people of my age have similar thoughts and attitudes, experiences etc. and because younger generations think that our thoughts are possibly a bit 'suspect' we are treated with a patronising attitude.

Remember folk, we still have a brain, we still have feelings and we are not gaga..or not yet, anyway!

Seriously though, Lynn and I have over 80 years of life experience under our belts (in my case my straining belt shows this to be a very obvious discernible fact).

We hate to use that hackneyed expression "seen that, done that, got the tee-shirt"..

But, yes, history has a way of repeating itself and so has life.

We brought up two kids, made stacks of mistakes, but it's no use in us telling our kids where we feel they are going wrong.

Maybe, they are not going wrong.

The grandchildren seem remarkably well balanced and show so many traits that we are totally proud of. This comes from the top and anyway, why should we feel that we have the right to interfere!

A rhetorical question.

Let them make their own mistakes

I always say there's no shame in making mistakes…..repeating them however, is less acceptable.

Politics leaves us both cold.

People talk about the traits of our politicians as if they a really know them personally.

No, in reality, you have no idea about their actual thoughts, desires and motivations because all we hear, and see, are sound bites and selected videos etc .

Think about it….these people you speak of with familiarity are actually totally unknown to you. They are trained in how to speak, how to maximise the effect, what to say, and how to avoid a direct answer if the questioning gets tough. Watch the experts at work.. At the end of the interview you find you actually like them more than ever, but did you actually get one direct answer to a direct question? That is not a rhetorical question.

If we stop and think about it ..how on earth can we be so blind as to believe a single word.

Ok I'm a sceptic, and I'm sure there are some politicians who have strong genuine beliefs and are in it for the good of society. But I am yet to witness these great people.

I started by saying that despite being in our 80's we are very capable of rational thoughts. Other cultures revere the older generation and respect the thoughts of elderly statesmen but here the culture thinks youth is omnipotent and sometimes they should realise that they are only hearing exactly what they want to hear.

Sometimes one has to accept that truths are not always pleasant but listen to them with an open mind and maybe change some preconceptions

It takes a brave man to put his head above the parapet but a wise, brave man puts his head above the parapet but avoids the incoming bullets.

Age brings changes and yes, we reluctantly have less energy to complete tasks like gardening, long walks etc but that is a physical manifestation and we are made of living tissue. Even a well engineered machine of our age would not be running efficiently , so let's remember that .

I swim daily....yes I admit it is 1 hour but exceedingly slowly but it's a great time to plan my day.

I have stacks of ideas for the day whilst slowly swimming but often my intentions are thwarted by my physical tiredness.

Hard to admit that the drop down into the easy river crossing in Trent Park is a more difficult feat than it used to be and Lynn and I need to help one another up at the far side..but..we still do it..and we still enjoy it....that's important to us.

Long haul flights interest us less..not because we have lost the travel bug but because that interminable waiting at airport check in, security etc is now such a time waste and spoils the start and end of our long awaited break.

We now train it to UK locations and love both the journey, and the break, in our wonderful countryside.

We love our home..and sad to say..enjoy coming back.

I say 'sad to say'..but why do I say that. We have spent all our lives making a home we love, so what in earth is wrong about the joy of coming back to it.

Many years of living together has made us appreciate all the various odd things we have accumulated and our garden is zany..but it's ours.

Being happy and satisfied with life is not complacency but seemingly it's a place where many do not venture.

Is it the feeling that in admitting this is to tempt fate, and as soon as it's written there will be a peel of thunder, the roof will fall in, the garden will flood and our smiles will vanish immediately ??

I think not but maybe I am tempting fate by saying this. (Joke!)

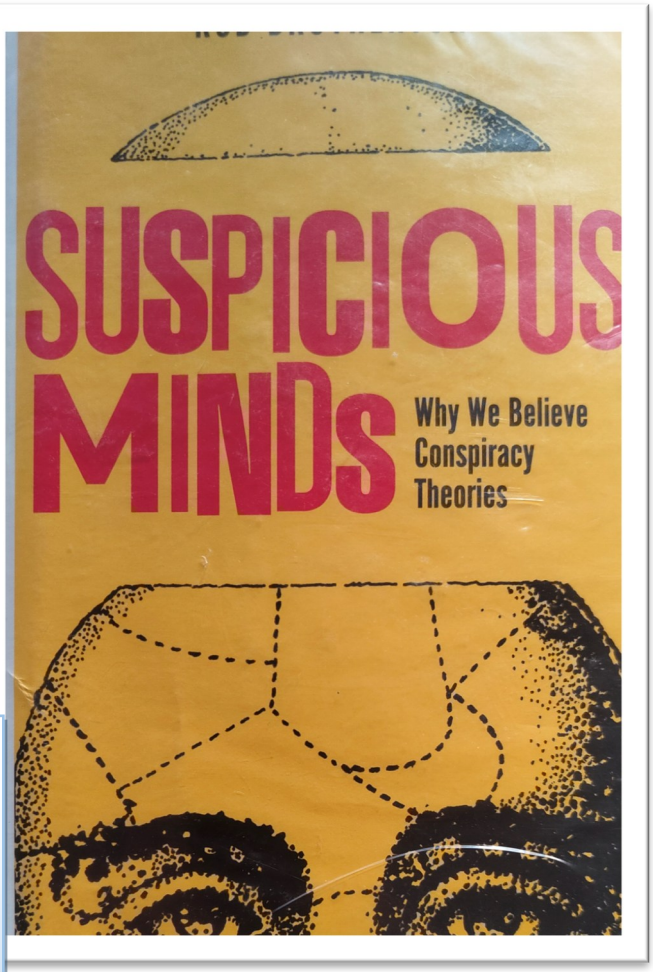
"I have worked really hard all my life and had many a set back so no, it hasn't been plain sailing"

Lynn has worked really hard all her life too in jobs sometimes that she hated but we both continued and now I guess it is a time to take things a bit easier.

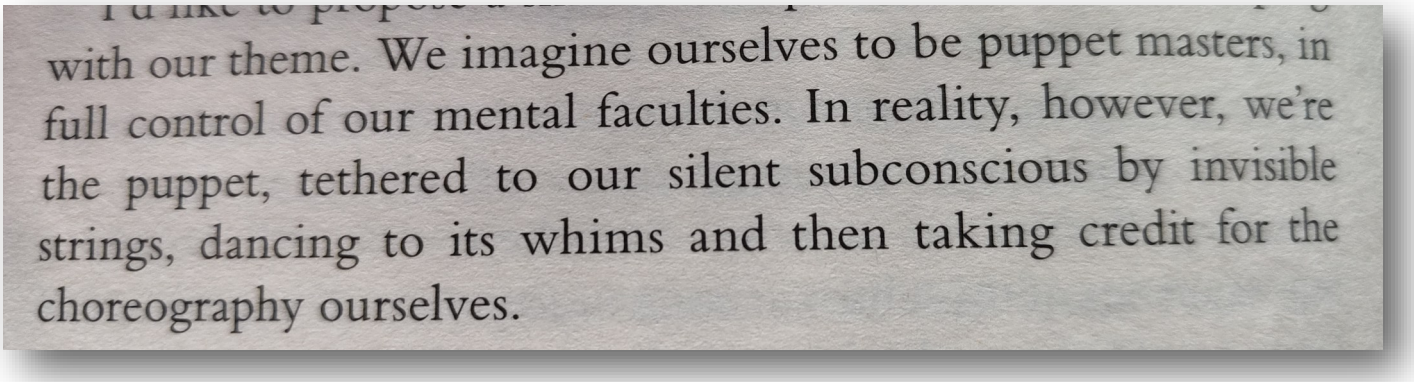
Neither of us really relax, it's not in our nature but we feel that a slowing down without going gaga is acceptable.....and I guess that is what this rambling monologue is all about.

Sorry.

RMK... July 6th 2026



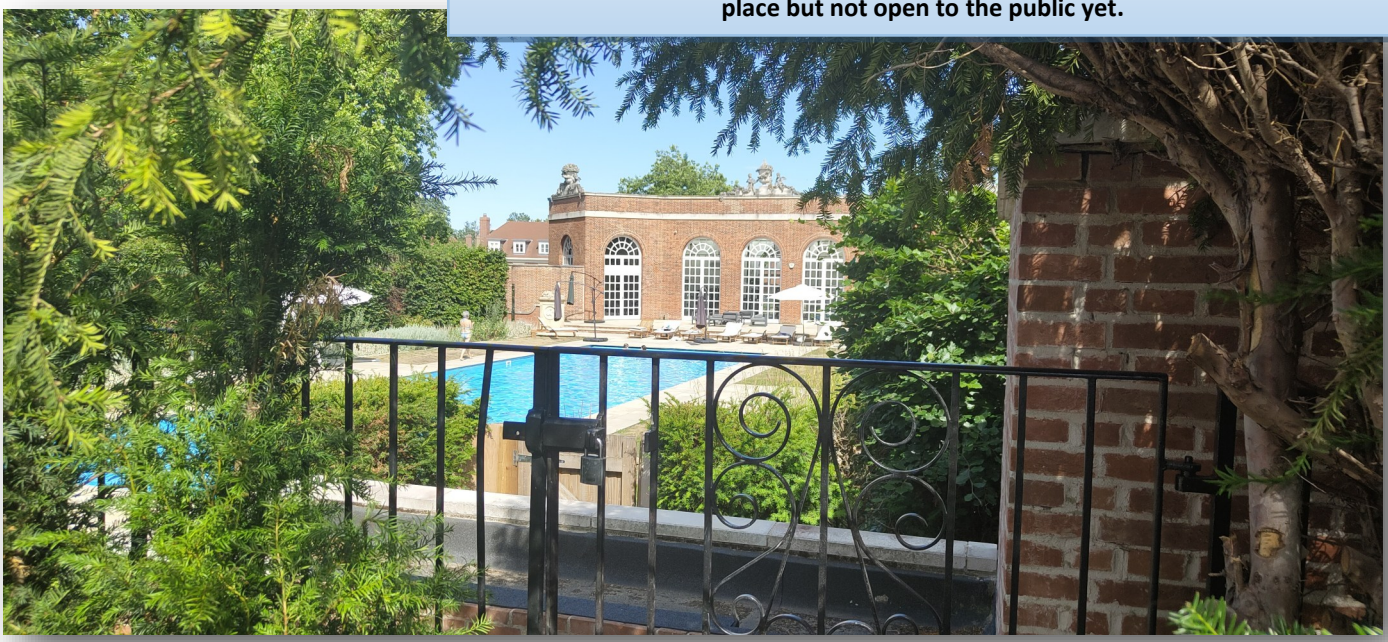
An interesting book I am reading at the moment discusses 'conspiracy theories and I think the paragraph below sums it up for me. We feel we make decisions freely based on experience, on what we read, on what we hear, on peer pressure, on how it will effect us personally, and so many other factors. But I realise that our brain is actually deciding this for us. One may say that our brain is under our sole control. But more and more I am now aware that AI is learning how easy it is to influence us and this is the most worrying part of its very speedy acceptance, knowingly or more worryingly insidiously into our everyday lives


with our theme. We imagine ourselves to be puppet masters, in full control of our mental faculties. In reality, however, we're the puppet, tethered to our silent subconscious by invisible strings, dancing to its whims and then taking credit for the choreography ourselves.

Tuesday 7th July. A totally scorching day and our gazebo shelter was very welcome for our tea break

We cut up the brush wood alongside Salmon's Brook in the corner of the above photo and 'barrow' it over to the newly-planted tree area on the far side of the path forming it into 'Stumpies' which afford wildlife habitat

Lynn and I strolled in Trent Park and found much of the development is now lived in and the landscaping is being tended to and watered in this very hot weather. The existing pool looked so inviting and the café in the main mansion building is now in place but not open to the public yet.



Prospect Of Whitby revisited 30 years later

July '26. Martin (seen here in various photos with the lovely Maxine) is Lynn's cousin and has sadly now got vascular dementia and Maxine cares so wonderfully for him but she needed a break while her brother Ian looked after him. She stayed with us for a short respite and we laughed so much together but without lovely Martin. It is so hard for us but obviously far worse for lovely Maxine. Here you see her with us in the garden and in many earlier years around the UK and France together. I am writing this with a big lump in my throat..

Mont St Michel

Docklands

From an email sent to me from Dishoom where Lynn and I often enjoy a cup of their great Chai

What if we spent more time enjoying time?
Instead of being productive, we embraced wasting it.
Freeing our hands to remain idle,
filling cups instead of calendars,
and finding ourselves in conversations
with no end in sight.
Embracing the rituals that have never centered time,
or in fact, seldom considereal time at all.
The things that remind ourselves,
that curiosity lies at the edge of boredom,
and that whimsy can't be found on a to-do list,
but on the periphery of stillness.

Or silliness.

The art of the finding joy in the pursuit,
the words that continue to linger,
long after they've been said.

The richness of colour, the vibrancy of sound,
the familiarity of scent.
The things that make your world yours,
while allowing anyone else to enter,
knowing that a cup of chai tastes so much better,
when it's made with many hands.

Unbridled moments of beautiful things,

At The Start of The Park Run (July'26)

Waiting for the 'off'

Running round the coffee truck

Just a few minutes after the start..the leaders can be seen forging ahead already

Ki actually videoed me 'sprinting' up the final funnel

Hong and Ki

Summer in the garden
(after The Park Run)

Peachy…July 2026

Despite the burnt-out cars the area opposite is so beautiful with self-seeded oaks and nature..

My smashing Lynny...On the train to Yorkshire

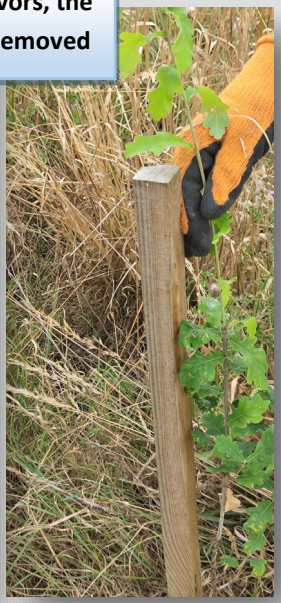
DP on a quick visit here in July '26 on the way back from Switzerland

Not our favourite area for tree volunteering…New Cottage Farm. The barn area has become a cement pick up and storage area and the survival rate of trees was very low. Add to this the incessant M25 roar and we were glad to leave

The planted field was full of weeds, thistles and long grass

Where we found survivors, the tree protectors were removed

Checking for 'survivors'



The weeds surrounding them were removed

Finally, the guard is secured again. (All the dead ones were marked for replanting later)

After lazing in the garden, which is possibly a rare occurrence for both of us, as we always seem to follow an agenda, we broke our lethargy by a enjoying park stroll.

All would be forgotten as maybe nothing momentous occurred but exactly for that reason I thought it should be noted.

A moment of no consequence in life but for that reason alone an important memory that would otherwise be lost.

Walking across the quiet main road normally busy at all times we reflected that possibly school holidays, the timing (around 4.00ish) maybe determined the lack of traffic and people.

Taking the well-worn path into the wooded area that surrounded the Priory we saw the profusion of dried-out blackberries lining the paths, all being too small and shrivelled to tempt us to taste them. Our previous collection a week or so earlier had been more successful.

The dappled shade in our garden had given us a false impression of the early evening temperature and we were pleased to continue our stroll in the comparative cool of the shady wooded path. I pointed out that several small shrubs were looking very wilted in the continuing hot weather.

Lynn deviated from our regular path to follow a short detour of her own making that she is intent on personalising..

I dutifully helped marking this which we now do regularly.

As we passed the gap into the metal fenced-off area we saw a young man exiting with a small boy and a push chair which we thought strange as it was not an easy path to walk in let alone with a push chair.

They acknowledged our presence and spoke together with a East European accent.

Lynn remarked that the father had probably gone there for a fix but I commented that was unlikely with a youngster in tow.

Entering the sunny hot park our greeting was to witness a large taped off massive branch that had fallen from one of the majestic great oaks by the path. This was a second branch to have fallen in a very short time and I wondered to myself if the excessive dry spell causes this.

The park showed many varied groups of people deciding to leave but we were aware that, in the shade under another old oak a small group were picnicking and we both thought that hopefully this was safe.

The grass was dry, yellowing and very short and all around were groups of all nationalities packing up their picnic paraphernalia . One group had large '21' balloons from a possible birthday celebration.

As we walked towards the lake we saw many birds on perches of sticks and rocks in the water , the level of which was much lower than usual and a dirty green-brown colour.

Parakeets swooped noisily overhead.

Many leaves littered the paths, where possibly trees had shed them to survive the heat.

'No Fishing' signs were seen around the lake.

As we followed the oath that we normally follow on our Saturday Park Run we decided to go into the wooded area by the wooden swing area as it was much cooler.

Immediately as we crossed the bridge we saw the normally full water course was totally dried out and I took a picture of this as

As we followed the oath that we normally follow on our Saturday Park Run we decided to go into the wooded area by the wooden swing area as it was much cooler.

As usual, Lynn' spotted a 'monster lurking high above us. She has an eye for these strange creatures that others are not aware of

Immediately as we crossed the bridge we saw the normally full water course was totally dried out and I took a picture of this as a future reminder. The ugly stone step waterfall down from the lake was totally dry too.

We saw a young couple on a log in the shade and commented to ourselves how great their choice of relaxing situation was.

As we continued onto the board walk we were aware of a man behind us and as we were strolling slowly we moved over so as not to impede his faster pace.

However as no comment or acknowledgement was made Lynn said "thank you very much".

He stopped turned round removing his sunglasses and said "what was that?"

We replied that we had moved over to allow him to pass and got no acknowledgment.

He commented in a sarcastic aggressive way .. "what if I wasn't aware of that". I said "have a nice day".

He continued running with his back pack obviously on a mission and niceties were not included in his routine.

His problem.

The sides of the boardwalk had been cut back possible to make it nicer for walkers and girls with dogs and other walkers all said 'hi' and smiled so that guy was an exception.

We heard a tennis game taking place next to the basket ballcourt and wondered why this was the first time we had noticed that.

We made a short detour off the board walk by the carved large bird to see if the new nature pond still retained water and were disgusted to see a supermarket trolly on its side protruding from the shallow murky remaining water.

A large bag also floated in the other side and animal footprints were visible in the dried out mud surrounding the pool.

Again I took a photo to note this disappointing display of ignorance.

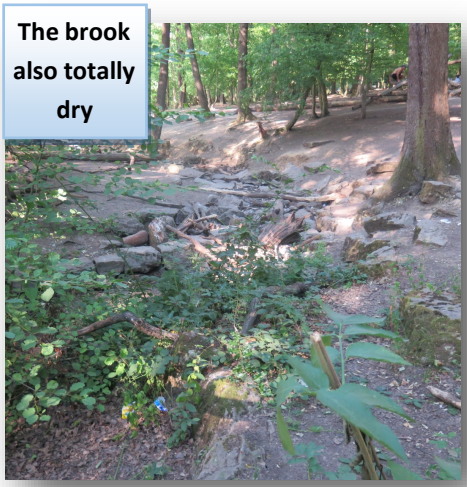
It is now such a lovely area with so many people obviously enjoying it that it seems inconceivable that there are still some people who delight in spoiling it for others.

What goes on in their minds?

I always say "if they had a brain, they'd be dangerous".

Letting an older man with an old dog and a lady in inappropriate walking shoes pass us on the board walk, we were aware that the old dog was doing his best to keep up with them.

The brook also totally dry



The lady regaled the man with a blow by blow medical history of hospital visits and blood conditions and as there was no obvious reaction from the man we felt that possibly it wasn't his most popular walking conversation.

A few people still were enjoying the Wood Swings as we rejoined the path circling the lake.

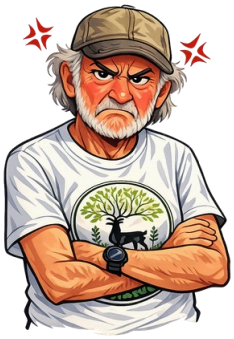
Two large parties of all ages were still sitting close to the children's swing areas and they were so organised that we saw parasols and trestles.

The 'ugly' waterfall with no water at all

This was wonderful and we assumed they had selected that shady position as it was close to the swings etc for the children .

We cut across the grass to exit via our path home having agreed that this hour long walk was a very welcome break from our lethargy and I am glad it offered me the opportunity to note a passage of life that would otherwise have been totally forgotten because 'nothing of note happened'

ANGER and ANNOYANCE



I think that what seems to impose itself on myself, for no obvious reason, is both annoyance, or to a lesser degree; anger.

As one gets older one should be tolerant and understanding with the wisdom (?) that age and maturity gives one.

Is this the case...I think not.!

If a driver behaves badly when I'm driving , I find it so difficult to ignore it..

I know that in reality we all make driving mistakes and more importantly if I remonstrate with the other driver, the likelihood of an apology is extremely rare. No-one likes to admit they are wrong so why should I take the moral high ground and more importantly risk abuse....or worse.. putting myself in danger?

Yes, this is obvious but does it stop me reacting irrationally?. I try my best and am slowly changing to be less reactive and more tolerant....*but easy - it's not.*

I only cited driving, but there are so many other situations where one's patience is tested to the extreme.

Queuing at supermarket cash desks drives everyone mad.....but the least responsible person is the cashier herself who has to put up with constant criticism.. so a few kind words here is a great antidote.

Likewise being continuously 'on hold' on the phone I am tempted to be irritable when I am eventually connected.

The constant repetition of "your call is important to us" begs the question that if this is true why aren't there more phone lines with more people employed answering them. There are many folk looking for work.

I should really spare a thought for the poor operators who field the incoming calls and are confronted by disgruntled people like me who usually start off by saying "at last..I have been on hold for xxx minutes (usually an exaggeration anyway)."

This is probably not the job they aspired to do, but this job was all that was available after a long job search.

Deliveries or engineer visits are another real test of my patience.

Your engineer will call between 7.00am and 5.00 pm is the usual response.

I arranged this call 10 days ago and I am expected to wait in for a whole day .Totally unacceptable.

However, the more recent sensible use of a call, text or message the previous night giving a two hour time slot reduces the frustration to a reasonable acceptable window length.

...and this is often followed by even a call just prior to actual arrival which is always very welcome.

A lot of frustration in our lives is now, in my humble opinion, a communication failure.

How often do we sit in a hospital, or a doctor's waiting area seething with annoyance because of a total lack of information about waiting times. Even finding the designated waiting reception area can be quite a battle itself.

I always think that the people instigating these systems should go back to basics and personally try to enter the area as if they are strangers and look for direction information and direction arrows at every turning and then ensure these are in place. This should then be followed up by introducing a digital 'waiting information screen'.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to see your name appearing on the screen immediately you check in with a note of how many people are ahead of you. It could even have the occasional health information between listings, and dare I say it, it could even contain the word "***welcome!"***

Yes, I've also been delighted to see the list reducing down to one person ahead of me and then wait impatiently saying to myself "I'll be in and out in just a few minutes, how can this prior person possibly take so blooming long?"

Communication, signage and correct information is so important nowadays .

I say 'nowadays' because how often do we find no appropriate responsible people to actual ask for assistance.

In supermarkets there seems to be no overhead signage showing where staples such as 'eggs'..or 'sugar' etc are located.

Well, I'll let you into a secret, - Supermarkets put these basics in different locations deliberately so that one has to walk hundreds of miles to find them, passing those tempting impulse lines with which you fill your trolley. This is where they make big profits.

Check your list..did many of those ' must buy impulse ' items actually appear on your initial list?

Yes I've rambled on but I have come in a complete circle back to my subject..**'ANGER, ANNOYANCE'..**maybe I should continue to be known as 'Ralph, The Angry Old Man'..because it seems that I have all the answers to all those annoyances.

But maybe, I'll calm down and smile at everyone around me ignoring all these infuriating situations.

Maybe they'll take that smiling old man (me) to that charming residential home where he can be with others, like him, waiting impatiently for the next meal and giving the nursing staff hell.

Maybe??!! July '26

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At the end of July the prolonged heat has dried up vast areas (more about that later in this volume. Our planted trees are suffering

This is one of the more successful ones planted a few years ago

We clear a circular area around it

Everyone busy looking for surviving trees

The mulch in place round the small trees

Field mice homes

Some interesting spider habitats

Some areas saw lots of surviving trees and other, like this, we encountered very few

Tea in the new gazebo shelter was well earned

The tea tastes wonderful after a hot morning's work

On these great sunny days, relaxing in our shady garden seems like being on holiday

The renovated pond at the back of the garden was quite a lot of hard work but seeing our four 'tiny' new goldfish gives us a lot of simple pleasure

The carnivorous pitcher plants seem to be establishing themselves here and the pump provides aeration which keeps the water clear

I recently thought that our family WhatsApp group write occasionally but many of us know very little about the others so I had the idea of an 'AFT'..(an Alternative Family Tree). The criteria is for everyone to say a little about themselves with some pictures (like these two above). Everyone is co-operating and it will be a joy to put it all together and then download to *www. Internet Archive. Org* for future generations to update and also see what we actually look and sound like

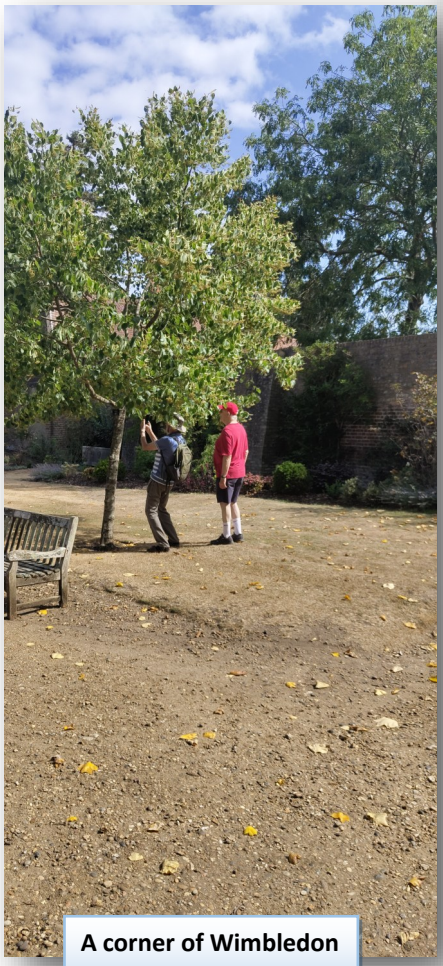
The weather throughout Europe has been scorching for quite a while with wild fires out of control in many places right now. The local effect has seen, obviously, yellowing of all the grass in parks and gardens and a hose-pipe ban. Passengers are advised to carry water on public transport and some public events are cancelled as it might be risky to continue.

The overall situation is inevitably causing many people who were previously skeptical to think again about 'climate change' and I hope that governments will now be forced to take a enlightened view regarding emissions etc.

How much longer can we continue ignoring the world-wide picture by burying our faces in the dry earth. I have decided to show a few localized photos here but obviously the effects globally are far far worse

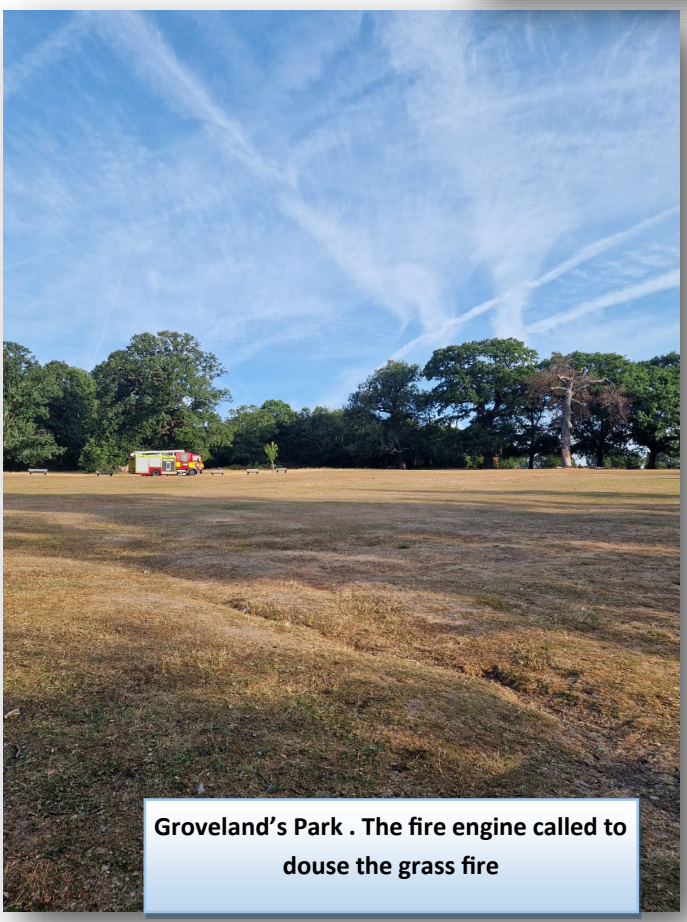
The July 'Lad's' Walk on Wimble-don Common

One forgets weather extremes so quickly so I thought a couple of pages showing how it looked in my daily life (Yes, I realise some of these photos are duplicated)



A corner of Wimbledon Common

..No, not a dessert scene. It is out-side Forty Hall in Enfield with the eroded 'lions' that our children used to clamber on



Groveland's Park . The fire engine called to douse the grass fire

The requisite van-dals supermarket trolley in the newly dug Groveland's wild pond ..now sadly much depleted

Grovelands..no water cascading down from the lake

The 'Bourne' empty

Groveland's branch dropped off another oak due to dry weather

One of the Forty Hall fishing lakes dried up....

...the other one very low

ENFIELD ANGLERS COUNCIL

DUE TO VERY LOW WATER LEVELS

WOODLANDS LAKE WILL BE CLOSED UNTILL FURTHER NOTICE.

RON SEARS EAC CHAIRMAN/ HEAD BAILIFF

Meeting at Wimbledon Station

Cannizaro Park, a little-known gem in London's amazing collection of green open spaces.

The herb garden

Colin, (above) arranged for us to have a guided tour of The Windmill. This is his house overlooking the Common

A beautiful park walk but the grass was all yellow this time

Cannizano House now converted to Hotel Du Vin

We enjoyed a garden lunch in 'The Tent' at The Telegraph

A fun evening at Poseidon with Bob and Terri, Roy, Mike and Kathy and Lynn and myself in July '26

The end of August 2026 . We spent the morning checking survival rates in the top field above Rectory Road Farm

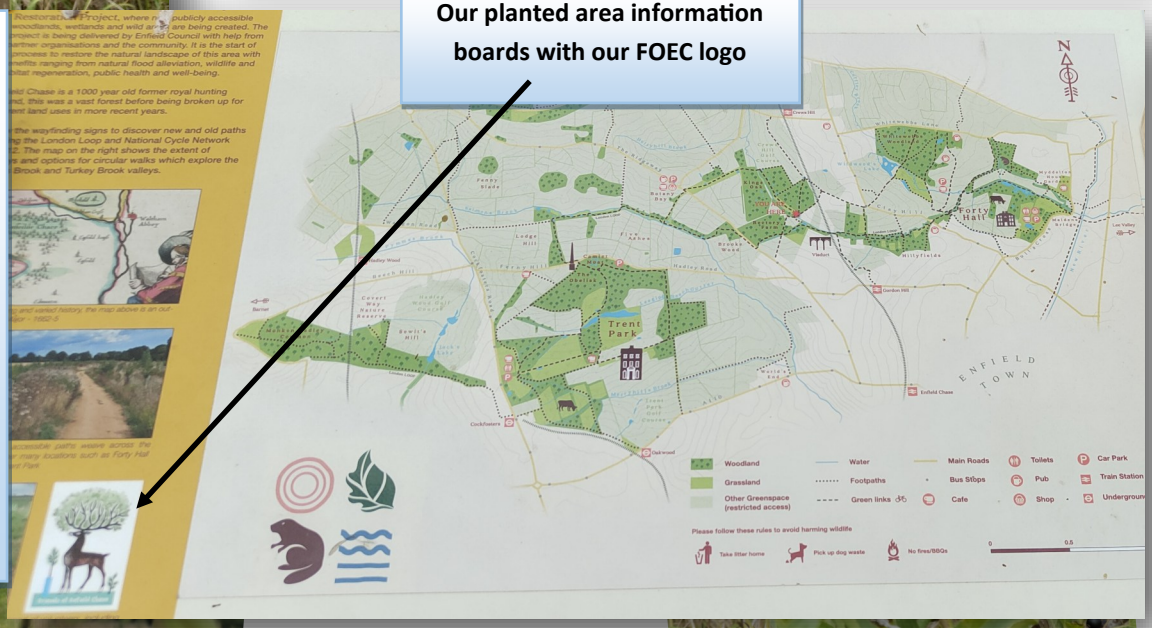
James making sure everyone knew the areas where they were checking

Waiting by 'The Mule' loaded with all our gear

Setting off to the fields

Lynn and I working together. The post is banged into the hard soil with the rope attached. The position noted using 'What 3 Words'. All living trees within that circle were counted with the 'clicker' and noted. This info will be checked again in future years

At first sight very few obvious trees were spotted



Our planted area information boards with our FOEC logo

Berries on some of the surviving trees

Lynn and I did approx. 18 circles and the average survival rate was approx. 12

Once again, a very varied Volume but I guess that is what our life is: Variety of locations, thoughts and observations so I really hope it is not too boring.